

EVENING LEDGER

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KEYSTONE MAIN ROOM

Philadelphia, Tuesday, September 15, 1914

Why the Evening Ledger Fights Penrose

THE lamentable conditions which render it impossible for a paper believing in Republican principles to support the Republican nominee for the Senate must likewise be sufficiently grave to make his defeat a public necessity. If the record of Mr. Penrose absolutely forbids support of him by a respectable newspaper, quite obviously a decent regard for the welfare of the State and nation requires that newspaper to bring all of its influence to bear to cause his defeat. He is either so objectionable that the Evening Ledger must fight him, or he is not objectionable enough to justify a refusal to endorse him.

Middle ground for a newspaper in such an exigency is cowardly. In fact, the Evening Ledger is not only confronted with a paramount duty, but with a splendid opportunity for service. The independence of its viewpoint causes it to be observed by the forces of good government, without respect to party, in all parts of the Union. Men believe, and have a right to believe, that at last there is in the East a great metropolitan daily which will speak boldly, without fear of interests, corporate or popular, and stand irrevocably for good government, no matter under what party banner.

Whatever the standing of Penroseism in Pennsylvania, it is hated and detested in every other State of the Union. Nowhere else is there any attempt to defend it. The failure of the Evening Ledger to wage an energetic campaign against it could be interpreted in but one way. The paper's sincerity would be questioned.

Manufacturers believe that Mr. Penrose will be able to write the next tariff bill if Republicanism is rehabilitated. That is an erroneous view. No party would dare enact a bill written by Mr. Penrose. A Republican majority in Washington would find some other chairman for the Finance Committee of the Senate. The seniority of Mr. Penrose would not count.

Pennsylvania manufacturers misinterpret the sense of the times quite as badly as did the Southern slaveholders. The election of Mr. Penrose would hamstring the Republican campaign in 1916. With Penroseism around the neck of the party, what chance could it have in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Ohio, in any of the pivotal States which showed so plainly in 1912 that they are through and done with the methods of Penrose, Foraker and that class of men? It is well understood that the Democracy would view a Penrose triumph with a light heart, being convinced that it marked a sure fire trade victory in 1916.

The Evening Ledger owes a duty to the nation. It must conscientiously work for the rehabilitation of Republicanism. That can only be brought about by the defeat of Penrose. His elimination is necessary to purify the party, to persuade the nation that it is purified. It is a medicine which the true friends of the Republican party will insist on its taking.

There is but one position for the Evening Ledger to take. It must declare, as the conditions prove, that this is a moral issue. The economic empire of Mr. Penrose is not in danger, but his political morality is in jeopardy. As between a man of high principle and a man whose political record indicates a principle at all, it must stand for the former. A tariff is but one of many things on which a Senator votes. On other things Mr. Penrose is a sound. A political revolution as great as to give a chance for a new tariff would be great enough surely to assure a majority in the Senate without the aid of one Pennsylvania vote. Oliver is still there; and the loss of one vote which the defeat of Mr. Penrose would entail, might readily mean the gain of five or ten votes from other States, which otherwise would not send Republican Senators to Washington.

So far as local interest is concerned, in all his years in Washington, for Philadelphia Mr. Penrose has done practically nothing. The Delaware has been neglected, the customhouse is a disgrace and the postoffice is in a better state. The freight of the nation has flowed by Philadelphia and on to New York. It should have stepped here. It will when the Government, State and national, does as much for the port as has been done for New York. But while Mr. Penrose controls affairs there will be no difference. His interests are all in one direction.

The Evening Ledger loyally proves its Republicanism by its support of Mr. Brumbaugh. It demonstrates its allegiance to national Republicanism and good government by calling on the voters to prove that Penroseism is not Republicanism, by showing that his defeat is a prerequisite to the success of the party in the nation, by supporting Mr. Palmer, not because, but in spite, of his tariff views.

Advocates of good government can justly say, "If the Evening Ledger is not for us it is against us," but not to be against Mr. Penrose is to be for him. The political machinery that he directs flourishes in darkness. Silence is the support it craves. A newspaper that acquiesces now in the election of the organization's head cannot with any power fight against the organization itself in the approaching municipal elections. There can be no neutrality when its methods are before the electorate. Mr. Penrose must be defeated, and it is legitimate and right to use the only instrument that is available for that purpose.

The Evening Ledger is an independent Republican newspaper. What does "independent" in this connection mean other than its purpose to save the party from itself when "caution demands"? It denotes an intention to support only those party candidates who are worthy. It implies a determination to act men who have prostituted the party to

their own purposes and are using it as a cloak to hide their delinquencies and to conceal their moral malfeasance. It means a willingness, even a promise, to place the public weal above the exigencies of party service. Doctor Brumbaugh, by word and action, is seeking to disassociate himself as much as possible from Penroseism.

Mr. Penrose commands a machine quite as limited to the success of the democratic experiment in America as militarism is to freedom and liberty in Europe. Both are autocrats, both destructive of the finer perceptions, both grasping and vengeful. And Penroseism, in addition, is corrupt; notoriously so. Better no protection and no customs houses whatever than to secure them through such an instrumentality.

Mr. Penrose in the minority is worth nothing to Pennsylvania in Washington. His election would inhibit his being again in the majority. When the Republicans control the Senate they will not be Republicans of the Foraker and Penrose type.

Quit Talking; Get Busy

THE people are for rapid transit. They are for it in a hurry. Moreover, they intend to get it. They are tired of the constant bickering over minor sums, as if this were a poverty-stricken municipality instead of one of the most lightly debt-burdened cities of its class in the world. They are disgusted with the attitude that to get rapid transit they must sacrifice other projects. They have no sympathy with back-pulling, hesitant statesmen, who are first, against any appropriation whatever to clear the way for actual subway construction, and, secondly, when threatened by an uprising of business men in protest, reluctantly consent to provide the money; but only by taking it away from some other meritorious and necessary improvement. The public is positively nauseated by the provincial vision of men who seem utterly incapable of comprehending the Imperial future of Philadelphia.

The United Business Men's Association tonight should reject all compromise. It probably will. Certainly the membership will be quite unable to appreciate the argument that the city is too poor to relocate sewers and also build an Art Museum for the housing of some of the most valuable art treasures in the world.

The Finance Committee of Councils has put itself in an utterly untenable position. It can retrieve its reputation only by a square and fair reversion of policy. That is what it is expected to do and what the business men of this community should insist it must do.

Democracy—If the Kaiser Wins

IT is not merely to gain favor in this country through American fondness for the name "democracy" that Count von Bernstorff and other Germans are prophesying an accelerated advancement of the democratic principle, as a result of the present war, in the Empire of the Kaiser. Mind you, they are not predicting the downfall of the Empire, like those who assert that only through such a disaster can democracy prosper. They see plainly that, whether or not the imperial banners shall wave in final victory, the triumph of democracy is already in progress. Such a triumph is not of necessity brought about by violent revolution, and, moreover, the thing that a people is slowest and most reluctant to change, or suffer to be changed, is its form of government.

The story of triumphant political democracy is a story of accumulated constitutions and charters, grants and bestowals. Usually the possessor of the power desired by the people has parted with them grudgingly, sometimes only as the result of coercion; but often they have been transferred as gifts of gratitude or rewards for service. It will be exceedingly strange if the service of the German people to the Fatherland in this crisis is not rewarded, and Count von Bernstorff, who is in a position to speak with some authority, says that it will be. That the issue, in their minds, is not autocracy versus democracy is abundantly proved by the attitude of the Socialists in the Reichstag and the country at large, for in Germany the Socialists are the representatives of political democracy. The Germans are fighting for their country, not for a new form of government, and when all classes in a nation willingly bear heavy burdens for the same patriotic cause there is bound to be, in victory as in defeat, a stronger sense of independence, and finally a larger measure of political equality. German democracy wins, whichever way the winds of war may blow.

In England the cause of popular liberty was marvellously advanced, without coercion, during the reign of the greatest absolutist among the Angevins, Henry II. and, as Dr. Frederick A. Cleveland says in his book on "Organized Democracy," it has frequently fared better under a monarchy than under a democratic form of government.

Give Every Child a Fighting Chance

MORE than 14,000 public school children in Philadelphia—over 19 per cent. of this year's enrollment—will have to be content with half- or part-time schooling this year. This condition of affairs has been chronic for some time and is not only disgraceful but indefensible. It is full of danger for the community and for the children themselves, and should be remedied at once.

The same condition, only in an aggravated form, exists all over the United States. Of the 20,000,000 children of school age, only about 10 per cent. attend school for even half the year.

In Philadelphia fully 15,000 children who graduate each year from the public schools are forced into the "blind alley" of industrial life and recruit the ranks of the unemployed, dependent and delinquent classes.

The firm basis of a Republic is the education, the thorough education of its citizens. This means a seat in school, at full time, for every child of school age. In Philadelphia, particularly, a city of homes, there can be no satisfactory excuse for inadequate school facilities.

As an Ambassador, it appears A. Ruston Bay is an incomparable conversationalist.

It is difficult to understand how the German army can be flying from France when it has been reported that both its wings were crushed.

The "War Horse of Reform" comes back to the city today. The Mayor is reported to be in excellent health and ready to take up the cudgels in behalf of good government with renewed vigor.

Food prices in Philadelphia, aside from the important item of meat, are lower than in any other city of corresponding size in America. Luscious raspberries, which are almost unobtainable in New York, may be had here for 7 cents a box. Cantaloupes are retailing at 5 cents here and 10 cents in New York. And so on.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

EVERY time Israel Zangwill's name appears in print, George C. Tyler, who produced "The Garden of Allah," lays in a new supply of sackcloth and ashes and exclaims "Mea culpa; mea maxima culpa!" And incidentally, he says unholily things about a certain ex-dramatic critic now a resident of Philadelphia. It all happened in the days when Tyler had just turned the financial corner with "The Christian." The dramatic road had been full of hard sledding, and his first big success had increased his bank account to man's size. Then, into the verdant and unsophisticated life of Tyler crept that nefarious critic. In the latter's behalf it may be said that he has reformed now and is trying to live down his critical past.

At any rate, the critic had just read Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto," then newly published. Full of misplaced enthusiasm, he went to Tyler and urged him to have it dramatized and produced. Tyler "bit," and as subsequent events proved was bitten, for when the play closed after a while, Tyler's afore-mentioned bank account had been decreased by some \$20,000.

ABOUT the only thing in which James Gordon Bennett, owner and editor of the New York Herald, did not mention the Paris edition and the New York Evening Telegram, showed hesitation, was in matrimony. It took him 73 years to get married; it never took him 73 seconds to reach any other decision. In fact, his precipitancy has been notorious on two continents. This is best exemplified by a happening one Thursday morning. Without warning, the New York office received a cable dispatch from Paris, signed with the usual "Bennett," ordering the suspension of the Evening Telegram. There was no reason given, and, as Bennett's word is law, no one asked for an explanation. The staff was dismissed and then—there came another dispatch to resume the publication. Since then the Evening Telegram has become Bennett's best paying property.

THE next time some British friend reminds you that lynchings take place only in the United States, ask him or her if he or she has ever heard of an historic lynching in Edinburgh. The reply will most likely be "no," yet John Porteous was hanged by a mob in 1736, and the entire populace was delighted beyond words. Porteous was captain of the guard and was known for his wanton cruelty. In a street riot he had forced his men to fire into the crowd, seven being killed and more than 20 injured. He was placed on trial for murder and found guilty. A reprieve was granted and Porteous was placed in the Tolbooth. On September 7 a mob formed, took the keys from the jailer, set all the prisoners free and dragged Porteous to a tree and hanged him, after first torturing him.

DURING the last strike of the cloak and suitmakers in this city, there came an influx of gunmen from New York city—real "bad men" of the "cat-in-the-hat" type. Stories of their prowess and fire-eating propensities were spread broadcast to scare away strike-breakers until Detective Isaac, of the Central office, appeared on the scene. Single-handed he marched up to the three leaders of the gunmen. Taking one in his good right hand and another in his equally good left, he bumped their heads together with precision and force. Then he took the pretentious trio to Broad Street Station, put them aboard a New York express and told them politely and all that, but sternly nevertheless, that it would be wise to "beat it" before real trouble ensued.

Since then Philadelphia has been free from gunmen, and the Philadelphia police force has a reputation among New York gangsters of being brutal in the extreme—impolite, in fact.

ALL ye housewives who make your husband's beds get up early these chill mornings to hush the kitchen fire, take note that the man who invented the kitchen range as constituted at present was one Benjamin Franklin, a native of Philadelphia and said to have been intimately connected with certain incidents of our Revolution. Franklin first invented a stove to burn bituminous coal which consumed its own smoke, having a downward draft. Later, he devised another design, which had a basket grate and movable bars at the top and bottom supported on a pivot. The top would be filled with kindling, then the basket would be inverted and the fire would burn at the base. The Franklin stove is still in use in many parts of the United States, although there have been hundreds of improvements and modifications.

BIG odds from his poems grow, even to the extent of developing into a reigning house like the Hapsburgs. Away back, hidden in the mists of history, a Count Rudolf von Hapsburg was riding toward a stream at which stood a monk, unable to cross. He told the Count that he was on his way to shave a dying man and the Count lent him horses that he might continue on his errand of mercy. The next day the monk returned the horse.

"God forbid," exclaimed the Count, "that I should ever ride a horse that has carried the Saviour to a dying man," and he presented the animal to the Church.

In the course of time, the monk became chaplain to the Prince Elector of Mainz. A new Emperor was to be chosen and the former monk suggested the name of Rudolf von Hapsburg. And so it came about that Rudolf was chosen Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, the precursor of poor Franz Josef.

TWO boys near Media found a pot of beautiful green paint and a brush. They also discovered that their father's horse was a dirty white. So they started to paint it green. When they had finished the tail and one hind leg, father came upon the scene.

"Boys," he said, "as you appear to have a penchant for art, you may paint the picket fence around the old homestead green; both sides, mind you, and no play until you are done."

That is why the boys have decided to become desperadoes or prophets or something similarly dreadful. BRADFORD

CURIOSITY SHOP

Despite all notions to the contrary, history does repeat itself occasionally, and from the diary of John Evelyn, a contemporary of Samuel Pepys, this appears proved. Under date of July 16, 1673, Evelyn wrote:

believed brought in the infidels) disturbing his Spanish and Dutch neighbors, having swallowed up almost all Flanders, pursuing his ambition of a fifth universal monarchy; and all this blood and disorder in Christendom had evidently its rise from our defections at home, in a wanton peace, minding nothing but luxury, ambition, and to procure money for our vices. To this and our irreligion and atheism, great ingratitude and self-interest; the apostasy of some, and the suffering the French to grow so great, and the Hollanders so weak. In a word, we were wanton, mad, and surfeiting with prosperity; every moment unsettling the old foundations, and never constant to anything. The Lord in mercy avert the sad omen, and that we do not provoke Him till He hear it no longer!

"This summer did we suffer twenty French men-of-war to pass our channel toward the south, to help the Danes against the Swedes, who had abandoned the French interest, we not having ready sufficient to guard our coasts, or take cognizance of what they did; though the nation never had more or a better navy, yet the sea had never so slender a fleet."

On July 16, 1688, Evelyn wrote in his diary: "The Marshal de Schomberg went now as general toward Ireland, to the relief of Londonderry. Our fleet lay before Brest. The Confederates passing the Rhine, besiege Bonn and Mayence, to obtain a passage into France. A great victory gotten by the Muscovites, taking and burning Perecop. A new rebel against the Turks threatens the destruction of that tyranny. All Europe in arms against France, and hardly to be found in history so universal a face of war."

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

On the Just and the Unjust
Knicker—They are looking for a war tax that will fall equally on every one.
Bocker—Then tax the rain.—New York Sun.

Morning Sun!
From a short poem entitled "Daybreak," by Prof. George Herbert Clarke:
"Sun! Sun! Sun! Sun!
Sun!
Sun! Sun! Sun!
Suns like a prejudiced newsboy."

A Pulling Story
The Texan pulled the dentist's bell.
The dentist pulled him in.
The Texan pulled his jaws apart,
And bade the Doc begin.

The dentist pulled his forceps from
His case to pull the tooth.
And then he pulled the wrong one out:
He was a careless youth.

The Texan pulled himself upon
His feet and pulled a gun;
An officer then pulled them both,
His name was Sergeant Dunn.

Dunn pulled a tip from each and o'er
The judge's eyes pulled wool;
They both pulled out without a fine,
For Dunn possessed a pull.

—New York Telegraph.

A Dual Alliance
A Michigan paper announces the marriage of Kathryn Cannon and William Popp. We hope that so long-up a wedding will not be followed by a state of war.

Compensation
If it is true, as our business philosophers tell us, that "those who never do more than they get paid for, never get paid for more than they do," then it is quite clear that if you want to get paid for more than you do, you must do more than you get paid for. Even a philosopher ought to see how impossible that is, but, of course, the true philosopher cannot be expected to hesitate over a mere impossibility.—Life.

A Grave Mistake
From the first chapter of the Belgian Comtesse's romance of German devility:
"On August 12, after the battle of Haelen, Colonel van Damme, commander of a Belgian regiment, was lying wounded on the battlefield."
Several German soldiers found him, and placing their revolvers against his mouth, blew his head off." For this barbarity, at least, there is the very best of evidence. The veracious Commissioners have an affidavit from Colonel van Damme himself.—Baltimore American.

A Question of Ownership
Alkali Ike—And so Slippery Sam died with his boots on, eh?
Broncho Bill—No, he died with my boots on. That's how he came to die.—Boston Transcript.

Taking No Chances
"Bilson yonder tells me he trusts his wife implicitly and absolutely, but—"
"Well!"
"Well, I should notice he carries his change and his flashbacks loose in the same pocket."—Judge

The Happy Farmer
The shades of night were falling fast
When up the fence row blithely passed,
Through crocus and Paris green,
These grim trespassers on the scene:
One army worm,
One chinch bug,
One Hessian fly,
One cut worm.
Advancing each before its kind,
They gave the wiggle-wag behind,
And answering with buzz and whizz,
Their trusty troops invaded viz:
One wheatfield,
One field of oats,
One cornfield,
One potato patch.
The farmer slumbered in his bed
While pleasant fancies roamed his head,
And dreamed of getting after bit
A few farm luxuries, to wit:
One automobile,
One lighting plant,
One tractor,
One silo.

But where the setting sun had shone
Of opulence remained a bone,
Clean-picked as frost denudes the trees,
And what the farmer had were these:
One sale,
One trip to a new farming country,
One trip back again,
One start all over.

—Wall Street Journal.

The Railroads and Washington
There is no possible doubt that in many instances the tax (the proposed tax on freight traffic) collected from the shipper will reach the ultimate consumer as a double market price of the articles so taxed; there is no possible doubt that in all instances it will mean final costs very much higher than they are now.—New York Press.

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

NOW that Baltimore has had its Star-Spangled Banner celebration, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the writing of Key's immortal song, let us glance a moment at Philadelphia's share in popularizing that anthem.

Whenever a song achieves enormous popularity there usually appears on the untrodden waters a controversy that is carried over from one generation to another. So it has been with Key's song, which, like Hopkinson's "Hail, Columbia," did not originally bear the title by which it is now known to countless millions.

The controversy in this instance, however, does not reflect upon Francis Scott Key, but rages around the identity of the composer of the music. Like many another controversy of similar character, this one has been settled a good many times to the satisfaction of some of the disputants; nevertheless, there seems to be a good deal needed to entirely clear the atmosphere. A Philadelphia, too, has engaged in this entertaining occupation, but it is not about him that I want to chat today.

It was in the pages of a Philadelphia magazine, the *Analectic*, which in its time was the foremost monthly in this country, and not surpassed by any in London, that Key's poem first received a printed form that might be called permanent. At that time, also, it still was unnamed.

Key wrote his poem, as is very well known, while he was on a British ship that was engaged in the bombardment of Fort Mifflin in September, 1814. It is descriptive of his thoughts and feelings, aroused as they were to a high pitch of patriotism, and when he returned to Baltimore after the unsuccessful bombardment he gave the manuscript to a friend, who soon had it put in type in one of the Baltimore newspaper offices.

It was entitled "The Defense of Fort Mifflin," but even this rather weak title for so lusty a song could not destroy its influence. It was by all odds the best poem produced during the War of 1812, and, as usual, Key did not know that he was doing the best thing of his kind ever penned. Genius nearly always fails to recognize itself. Some one has to place the wreath of fame on their brow before they understand.

The poem was printed in nearly every newspaper of the time as soon as it came to the editor's hand. But when the editor of the *Analectic*, at that time Washington Irving, saw the poem in the newspapers, he did the best he could to bestow the wreath.

He placed it at the head of the poetry in the November number of the *Analectic*, 1814, and introduced it with a description of the circumstances under which it was written. At the same time he wrote that it was far too valuable a piece of verse to permit to be lost.

Thus it came about that the first literary recognition of the Star-Spangled Banner came from a Philadelphia magazine.

But there is another chapter to this.

The first man to sing the Star-Spangled Banner also was a Philadelphia, and his descendants have aroused a great deal of controversy because of one slight remark he made about the circumstances of this first public singing of the immortal song.

To be exact, there was not one who sang the song first, but two, the brothers, Charles and Ferdinand Durang. These young men, who were the sons of a performer in the old Chestnut Street Theatre, also were connected with the theatrical profession. Charles Durang was a dancing master here for years and wrote a history of the Philadelphia theatre. Both of the Durangs enlisted in the Harsburg Blues when there was a call for volunteers to repel the British, who were going strong in the neighborhood of the Chesapeake. They were in camp near Baltimore and stationed at Fell's Point.

They were in Baltimore soon after the attack on the fort and there were handed a copy of the poem. Now, here is where the controversy begins.

According to Charles Durang's version of this event, he read over the song and said to his brother, "This would make a good national song." And thereupon he began to search for a piece of music that would fit the words. He said that he went through his trunk and pulled forth a well-known song, then very popular, entitled, "To Anacron in Heaven," and decided that it was just the thing.

Of course, the words did fit. They fitted to a nicety, because evidently Key had the meter of the drinking song in his head at the time he wrote it. It was not the first time the same music had been used to the words of an American patriotic song. There was "Adams and Liberty," written by Robert Treat Paine 14 years previously, and at this time widely known. It is probable that Key knew it better than he did the original "To Anacron in Heaven," which was an English song sung by the Anacronite Society, which he thought was the air to which his song should be sung.

Yet, on the strength of that remark about finding a piece of music to fit, some attempts have been made to belittle Durang's version of how the song was first sung in public.

It is well to remember that those who would deny Durang the honor he claims for himself and his brother have not attempted to designate any other place or circumstance under which the song first received its public presentation.

In his valuable treatise on our so-called national songs Mr. Sonneck, of the Library of Congress, gives a list of more than 40 books, articles and other material that refer to the history of that one song. Mr. Sonneck's book was printed five years ago, and I believe he would now be compelled to even double the length of his list.

As to the real authorship of the music, the result of the various controversies thus far has been to even further obscure the point.

The Rev. Dr. H. T. Henry, president of the Catholic High School for Boys, and Dr. Gratian Flood have been engaged in one of the most elaborate controversies about the origin of the air of the Star-Spangled Banner that has yet been waged. Both are regarded highly as authorities on general hymnology, but so far as I am given from their articles the question of the authorship of the tune is still on debatable ground.

There is a great deal of literature yet to be written about Key's little poem, which he wrote on the back of an envelope.

THE TALISMAN

Henry Van Dyke in the Outlook
What is Fortune, what is Fate?
Futile and vain, and phantasmal,
Riches buried in a cave,
Glories written on a grave.

What is Friendship? Something deep
That the heart can spend and keep;
Words that breathe while we give,
Praise that breathes us to live.

Come, my friend, and let us prove
Life's true talisman is love!
By this charm we shall elude
Poverty and solitude.

The Hague, 1914.

VAST VOLCANIC CHAIN

LINKED COASTS OF U. S.

Geologic Proof That In Prehistoric Times America Seethed With Active Craters from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

That the completion of the Panama Canal should be signalled by the bursting forth of a volcano—the only live one in the United States—was as startling as it was unexpected, says Mr. C. Frederick, in the Boston Transcript. To those familiar with the geology of the Pacific coast, however, the manifestation occasions no surprise.

It is a strange story geologists tell us of the California coast—that ages ago its mountain peaks, mere reefs in a great expanse of sea, rose to such a height that Santa Barbara Channel was a vast valley, over which doubtless roamed the elephant, camel, lion, sabre-toothed tiger and other animals whose fossils remains are scattered over the country and some of which are found on the islands. Then the land again sank beneath the sea and again arose, and marine fossils are found in abundance along the shore and on the mountain tops many miles from sea. Imagine the surprise of the old gold hunters to find the skeleton of a whale at an elevation of a thousand feet and two hundred miles inland.

And ages ago, as we have seen, the land also had its baptism of fire. Radiating from middle California in separate streams, scientists tell us, the lava flowing north became a flood, burying the smaller inequalities and enclosing the larger, until it covered the greater portion of northern California, northwestern Nevada, nearly all of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and reached far into Montana and British Columbia. Arizona and New Mexico were also involved. The Columbia River cuts through lava three or four thousand feet thick, and in a cut in the Deschutes River thirty successive sheets of lava may be counted.

But that was many thousands of years ago, being at its height in the Miocene period. Since then activity in the United States has gradually diminished until it practically ceased within the last few centuries, with occasional belated manifestations, as at present.

Even in historic times there has evidently been a marked diminution of such phenomena on our Western coast. Spanish explorers expressed the belief that there were volcanoes in the coast range of Southern California. This may not have been an entirely imaginative as is generally supposed. In the desert east of Dagget lava beds and craters have been reported, of so recent a formation that some believe them to be not more than 200 years old. For some time after the settlement of Santa Barbara there was a "volcano" on the seashore, either the genuine article or burning petroleum. At the time of the earthquakes of 1912 a new volcano was reported back of Pine Mountain.

An old geography of 1815 calmly remarks that "California is a wild and almost unknown land." In the interior are volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snows, which sometimes shoot columns to great heights. This would seem near incredible were it not for the well authenticated accounts of travelers.

The entire region of Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, was in remarkable volcanic activity at a comparatively late geological period, and the lingering phenomena still produced constitutes the most remarkable series of natural wonders of any equal area of the globe. There is also a small geysir region, of a hundred or two boiling geysers, with their accompaniment of sulphur, salts and alkalis, in the mountains of central California.

In time, no doubt, the Pacific coast will become as settled as the Atlantic side, which in early geological times, we are told, apparently had outbursts on a grander scale than anything known in historic times, for example, the enormous floods of lava with tuffs and sandstones form the copper-bearing series of Lake Superior, which have a thickness of thousands of feet.

The coast of Maine, the region of Boston, Connecticut Valley, the Palisades of the Hudson, through Pennsylvania, and elsewhere, show traces of ancient volcanic action, and the same may be said of many countries of Europe where volcanic life is now extinct. Alaska, Mexico and South America still show more or less volcanic activity, but in all the known world there is but one Stromboli. In the Mediterranean, which has been constantly discharging lava for more than two thousand years.

THE IDEALIST

Due to the grace of God most of us are whole limbed.

Do you know what it really means to be able to walk along with your legs doing their full duty, with full-grown and unimpaired arms swinging in harmony with your stride, with eyes seeing every passing thing, with ears hearing all sounds?

You will not know until you are deprived of one of them.

Those of us who are whole-limbed have won out in our chances. Those who are not have lost. And the most matter-of-fact men on earth will admit that life does contain a huge dose of chance.